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Class Poem.

HARRY A. LEDWIDGE, A. B.

AS knights, who sallied to a tournament,
Were wont to ask a favor from a maid,
A knot of ribbon or an ornament
That on her fragrant bosom oft had laid,
And then ride forth with gay hearts undismayed,
So we, thy lovers, as the knights of old,
Make haste to beg of thee thy Blue and Gold.

Youthful and eager, with harness still unstained
By roadside dust or battles' bloody dew,
We go where still the combat is maintained.
Our chargers' thunder echoes back anew
The cheers of welcome. And, it may be, too,
A sturdy hero, battle-scarred and bold,
Who also wears Our Lady's Blue and Gold,

Will wave a hand in greeting as he goes
Into the battle of the right and the wrong,
Hoping to find the victor's golden rose,
Where in the center of the heaving throng
Only the brave will dare to meet the strong,
Or follow where the tide of battle shoaled
About the pennant of the Blue and Gold.

But we are waiting, all unknown as yet,
The thrilling summons to the field of fight;
Lances in rest, young faces sternly set,
With sunbeams breaking on the armor bright
In silver arrows of unsplintered light;
Until the bugle's pleading, clear and bold,
Lets loose the wearers of the Blue and Gold.

Trot, gallop, charge,—O how the echoes ring
About the margs of the trampled field!
The lances shattered, crumpled figures cling
Upon the crupper when the strong horse reeled;
While above all, the marshal trumpet pealed
The joyful tidings in the way of old:
How brave the lances of the Blue and Gold!

Their sword blades glitter in the murky air
Like lightning flashes in archangel hands,
And ring on helmets in whose caverned glare
Red eyes look curses on the thirsty brands
That bite like adders of the hot South lands;
And lo! into the dust brave arms have rolled
The bitter foemen of the Blue and Gold.

May gold of morning and of eventide,
Keen blue of midday's cloudless, scorching sky
Look down upon us in our youth and pride,
And help us to remember that to fly
Is cowardice when men have dared to die
Beneath a flag that only heroes hold—
The battle flag of Mary's Blue and Gold!

The Authorship of the Federal Constitution.*

HON. HANNIS TAYLOR, LL. D.



OLD indeed would be my heart, were it not touched, deeply touched, by the very generous words of welcome in which I have been presented to you to-night by your esteemed President. In one thing which he has said, he has touched me in a tender part,—he has pronounced the brilliant and cherished name of one of my dearest friends, of whom I have lately been deprived by the hand of death.

In the course of my life it has been my rare privilege to have known well three men of genius: The first was the Reverend Abram Ryan, poet-priest of the South, whose master-hand swept along the grandest chords of the human heart. It was my privilege, as a young man, to publish his poems, in a little book that has gone forth like a ray of white light into nearly every Catholic household in the United States.

The second man of genius that it was my privilege to know was the brilliant Spanish orator and statesman, Emilio Castelar, who during my time in Madrid bore the same relation to the literature of Spain that Victor Hugo, in his best days, bore to the literature of France.

The third and best beloved man of genius that I have ever known was the lamented and brilliant pulpit orator Father Stafford, who for so long a time adorned the pulpit of St. Patrick's at Washington. Born upon American soil, of Irish parents, he had all that strange, irresistible witchery of the Irish temper, blended with the sturdy manhood of American citizenship. He was the right-hand man, at Washington, of James Cardinal Gibbons whom I have had the honor of knowing for nearly forty years. I first knew Cardinal Gibbons when he was Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina—not yet full bishop. I have studied the life of that great man; and if anybody were to ask me to say in a word what has been the tone of that character, what has been the great

basis of his power, I should say that beneath the great Catholic prelate has been the great patriot and American citizen. He has touched the hearts of the American people; he has taught you, his children, that there is a double duty—to God and country; and he has always linked one precept with the other. And certainly if there is any citizenship in this world that ought to be thankful to God for a great country, it is those of us who are fortunate enough to live under the ægis of this wonderful Federal Constitution.

To-night I have come to speak to you, as I must now at this late hour very briefly, of the historical side in some aspects of that Constitution, to whose study I have devoted nearly forty years of my life.

For twenty years I devoted myself to my work upon the history of the English Constitution, which made it necessary for me to unfold the whole process of historical development from the time that our institutions began down to the time in which they have ripened into this wonderful temple of liberty in which we live.

In the last few years it has been my privilege, or my good fortune, or my good luck, as you may term it, to unearth a great historical document, which has shed a new light upon the historical original of the federal part of our constitution.

The Congress of the United States, in this document which I have in my hand, has lately done me the honor to print it with my commentary upon it; and it is now making its way into the hands of every jurist and historian and scholar in the United States, and into many beyond our borders.

And by degrees the light is going out, as to what is the historical original of this Federal Constitution. So in the limited time in which I can tax your attention to-night, I shall attempt to unfold a series of observations of a progressive kind upon the history of this Constitution, with the view of bringing to the attention of this audience the significance and importance of this great document.

One hundred years or more ago, the little group of scholars who founded the science which we now call comparative philology, revolutionized the thought of the world, not so much through the marvellous revela-

* Address delivered in Washington Hall at Commencement, June 16, 1909.

tions of that science, as by the discovery of the new method of historical investigation which made those revelations possible; and by the application of the new comparative method of investigation have since arisen comparative mythology, or religion, and comparative politics and comparative law. And the jurists of to-day work by the aid of those two new sciences—comparative politics and comparative law.

Comparative politics, which treats of the study of comparative institutions, has revolutionized the whole study of government, taken as a connected whole, in the ancient and modern world.

The greatest single outcome of the science of comparative politics is embodied in the discovery that, from Ireland to Hindustan, the single community or organization was everywhere the family swelled into the clan. It was these clans that gathered into brotherhoods, and finally, through other forms, into those ancient city-states which we call Rome and Athens.

Now the first great cardinal proposition to lay hold of in considering the politics of the world, ancient or modern, is that in the Mediterranean lands in which the science of politics was born, the only conception in that world of the city was the state-city, as represented by Rome or Athens: that was the only conception of the state which Pericles or Cicero ever conceived.

Then with the fall of the Roman Western Empire came the great hordes of barbarians, moving down from the forest and the steppe, in regular order of their nations. They settled down on the wreck of the Roman Empire, and built up a new conception of the state—the state as known to modern international law. That conception is represented by France, and Spain, and Russia, and England, and those great territorial aggregations which we know as the state.

By far the most important and most momentous of those aggregations is that wonderful German or Teutonic state which grew up in the island world of Britain, which we call England. I have not the time to-night in which to dwell on the process of development by which those little communities gathered themselves into seven or eight groups, which we call the Heptarchic Kingdom. But the physiography of the

British Isles settled the fact that there was to be no federalism in the English system. The very formation of the land crowded those little states down into counties; and when that consolidated state, England, arose out of that historical process, the ancient kingdom of Essex became the county of Essex, and the ancient kingdom of Wessex became the county of Wessex.

Then, in God's Providence, the seed was borne across the Atlantic, and that little state we call England was multiplied into thirteen Englands, spread along our Atlantic coast. Here the physiography was entirely different. Here settled, as those thirteen New England States were, upon the edge of a boundless continent, it was their manifest destiny to spread, until now they touch the Pacific coast.

And just as the physiography of the British Isles determined that there was to be no federalism there, so the physiography of this great land pre-determined that here was to arise the first great Federal Republic that the world had ever seen.

For two thousand years the world had had federal governments, constructed upon a single plan, which have been pronounced by all statesmen, practical and theoretical, as hopeless failures. When we begin with Greek federalism, and come on down through the Swiss Federation, and the great German Federations, and the organizations at the mouth of the Rhine, known as the Dutch Republic, we find two thousand years of unbroken and hopeless failure; and the world had concluded, and rightly, that of all forms of government the federal form was the most elusive and unsatisfactory.

When the time came for us to enter upon our career as builders of a federal state, there was not one new idea developed—there never was such paucity of invention—and the result was that the first federal constitution of the United States, drafted out and out by the hand of Benjamin Franklin, in 1776, which became our first constitution, as the Articles of Confederation, was a dead and hopeless failure, like all its predecessors.

The result was that when the Revolutionary War ended, when that mighty struggle was over, under that inefficient and incapable system, the French Ambassador wrote home to his government and said: "There is no

government in the United States: the government is destroyed; there is but one bond of cohesion which holds these States together, and that bond is a man, and that man was Washington!" Such was the hopeless failure in which ended our first experience in federal government.

The one profound, dominating thought in the heart of Washington, as he walked away from the battlefields of the Revolution, was to bring about such a concerted action among the States as would create some new type of Federal Government which would make a permanent nation possible.

Nothing in the political history of the world at all approaches in its suddenness, in its success, in its all-pervading influence, the wonderful invention in federal government which arose during the period of eleven years.

When Benjamin Franklin, in 1776, drafted the Articles of Confederation, there was not one new idea in the way of improvement in any shape or form in it. Eleven years later, when the Federal Convention of 1787 adjourned at Philadelphia, there emerged from that august Assembly a new constitution, which was no more like the first constitution than one of those snorty and powerful automobiles is like an ancient stage. There had been a most wonderful revolution: a new and unique idea had come into being suddenly, invented by somebody, which put federal government on a new basis, and opened up a new hope for all mankind.

Have ever any of you heard of a great invention without an inventor? Have you ever heard of any great scheme of thought suddenly coming up without somebody, or some particular man, or some group of men, being the inventors of it? If any of you were asked if our great inventions had inventors, what would your answer be?

Have you ever been told that anybody ever invented the Constitution of the United States? From what source did this great intellectual invention spring? Somebody may answer, in a dim and misty way, that they always understood that during the hundred days, or less, during which that great Convention worked, somebody in that Convention invented this wonderful product. Will you be good enough to tell me who

the person in that Convention was who made the great discovery? Has it been associated with the mind of any particular man, or any group of men? Now I dispute in a word that the invention took place while the Convention was in session.

You have all heard of the three wonderful plans submitted to the Convention for its consideration. The first, known as the Virginia plan, presented on the 29th of May by Randolph, that Madison is supposed to have drafted. Before the close of that day, Charles Pinckney, of South Carolina, submitted what is known as the Pinckney plan. Ten days later, Alexander Hamilton submitted what is known as the Hamilton plan. If you lay these plans down, side by side, you will find them identical in every vital particular; and you will find that in every one of them there was embodied this wonderful invention which has transformed the whole nature of federal government as it existed in ancient times, and there contains the basis upon which this Constitution of ours rests.

Now, in what did the great invention consist? The foundation title, Federal Government, represented by our Articles of Confederation, vested the whole federal power in a single assembly, like the Continental Congress, which had no power to tax,—they could not lay so much as a postage stamp on anybody: it was a great mendicant, and handed the hat around among the states, and asked them for contributions. There was no division between the legislative, the executive and the judicial power. There was the president: no courts, no two-chamber legislature; the whole aggregate of federal power was vested in a single chamber, which had no power to tax.

When the Convention adjourns, and the new scheme emerges out of those three great plans, what do we have? The wonderful invention of a federal system operating directly upon the individual, and not upon the State as a corporation. That was the basis of the great new conception; that was the one thought which no being had ever conceived before. The government was divided into three departments—executive, legislative, judicial: the executive department, with the President and his Cabinet;

the legislative, in which there were two chambers—the Senate and the House; the judicial, organized as it is to-day. And last, and most important of all, we had the dogma clearly understood—that it was a government of delegated powers, in which all the powers not delegated specifically to the federal system, were withheld and retained by the states themselves.

Here was such a federal government as the world had never seen: such a creation as nobody in 1776 had ever heard of before in this world. Where did it come from? Out of what great brain did this new creation spring?

There never has been anything so slovenly in the scholarship of any nation, as that slovenly historical scholarship which for a hundred years overlooked the greatest political document in the history of mankind—a document to which I desire to call your attention to-night,—which solves this whole mystery, and shows us the Constitution of the United States as the outcome of one great brain: the product of one intellect. The Constitution of the United States has an author, in just as definite a sense as the Declaration of Independence has an author. The document of which I speak is just as authentic as the Constitution itself, or the Declaration of Independence.

Now, when you ask me who the author is, I have to mention a name that perhaps few have ever known or heard of before. Among all the sturdy stock that came from England to Massachusetts, no sturdier or stronger stock ever came than that of the Websters—an English family settled in Massachusetts. One branch went northward, and settled in New Hampshire, and out of that branch came the old Webster that you know of best—the great Daniel Webster. Then there was another branch that went south into Connecticut: and one branch stopping at Hartford produced another Webster, known by the name of Noah Webster. The same family moving a little further to the west, to a place called Lebanon, gave birth to one, who I will venture, after a study of the science of politics for forty years, to say is the most wonderful political genius who has ever existed in the history of mankind: I speak of Peletiah Webster, the unquestionable author of the whole of the

Federal Constitution of the United States.

Let me tell you a little of this man's history. In 1725 he was born at Lebanon. Twenty years later he graduated at Yale, which is as cold to his memory as marble. He then went to Philadelphia, became a great merchant, and accumulated a small fortune, and was so well known as a great thinker and scholar and financier, that from the very beginning of the war he was the one writer of scientific character upon the finance of that period. His essays fill a volume that any one can find in the Congressional Library. In that way he was consulted by the Continental Congress, as to the means of carrying on the war. He was charged with the duty of organizing a financial system. And as early as 1781 he says: "This first Constitution is a hopeless failure: thirteen popular assemblies, with no right to tax! The idea of building up a financial system, when any project can be vetoed by any one of them, is ridiculous nonsense! We must have a Continental Convention, and make a new Constitution out and out: it is easier to make a new one, than to patch up the old."

And on the 16th of February, 1783, he published in the streets of Philadelphia, and throughout this country, this wonderful document, entitled, "A Dissertation on the Political Union and Constitution of the Thirteen United States of North America." This treatise has been beautifully printed by Congress, and fills 32 pages of a Government volume. In this, in the grandest and most impressive English, in which the lightest words are weighty, he puts forth, in a composition such as never Bacon or Burke could claim, the entire authorship of this whole federal system, and expounds it in every detail, and gives to the world as the original thoughts of a private individual this whole system of federal government. As you read it, it makes the mind thrill at the tentative processes of reasoning he goes through. Just think of it! No human being, down to that time, had ever framed a federal government with the power to tax. To-day it all seems very simple to us, when we see Congress raising so much money with so much facility. But when Peletiah Webster propounded the proposition that a federal government could be erected, with

the right to tax, he was stating a proposition never before heard in the history of mankind; and no federal government had ever before levied as much as a postage stamp upon any individual.

He was also insistent that, as a corollary, he must have a self-sustaining federal government. But, he said, how can I organize a self-sustaining federal system. He had the mirror of the English Constitution as developed in the States. Down to that time no federal government had ever been divided into three departments. He said: "Let us take the model to the Constitution of Virginia and Massachusetts, and let us split this federal head into three parts—the executive, the legislative, and the judicial." Then, taking each in its order, he takes up the executive power, and defines the office of President, and surrounds him by a Cabinet. Then he took the next great momentous step: it is very simple to us to-day, to see the two chambers in Washington, existing side by side. But, remember, no man had ever heard of a federal government with two chambers, until Peletiah Webster stated the proposition in this document. He said—The federal legislature must have an upper and a lower house; and he devotes four or five pages to the working out of the qualifications of the members of these assemblies. Then proceeding to the judiciary department, he outlines the original of the Supreme Court of the United States as it now exists, and outlines our entire itinerant judicature as embodied in the Circuit and District Courts.

Then with a precision and accuracy that is wonderful he anticipated the Eleventh Amendment, providing that this Government should be one of delegated powers, and that all powers not delegated directly should be reserved to the States.

But the most marvellous part of the story is yet to come; and if any of you doubt this I will send you a copy of the document. Looking a hundred years ahead, and being a great merchant and financier, he says: "It is vitally important to this new federal system, that we shall have a Department of Commerce, in which the mercantile talent of the country shall confer with Congress, as to legislation affecting the trade between the States." It took us one hundred years—until a few years ago—before we saw this

department created that he thus outlined.

When the Convention of 1787 adjourned, he republished that great document, with notes, with pungent criticisms upon their work. And the most pungent criticism was: "You have made a fatal mistake in not taking my advice as to the creation of a department of commerce, to confer with Congress as to legislation affecting trade between the States."

Knowing that the time would come when his authorship of this great document would come in question, in these notes he sets forth all the circumstances under which this great invention was made. He said: "I am a private citizen, a man of leisure, and I have set myself to work to do this duty, and to put it out four years before the Convention met, as the contribution of a private individual to the future of this country."

Now let me put this proposition to you. Nearly four years before that Convention met, every one of the master builders—because I call him the architect—had that document in their pockets. Now, suppose to-night we had three or four gentlemen from different parts of this Union—one from Michigan, and one from Louisiana, and one from Massachusetts, and another from North Carolina; and they were all looking at a paper—the drawings of this great invention, all identical—and the gentleman from Massachusetts was to express a great wonder that the gentleman from Michigan had thought of precisely the same thing; and they were to ask you to believe, that by some wonderful mental coincidence, this great discovery had suddenly been born, at the same time, in four minds in different parts of this great country, working in isolation—would it not be a little tax on your credulity?

Now, when you look at these wonderfully identical plans in the Convention, you will find that no one of the gentlemen that ever presented them ever claimed for one moment that he was the author of the invention. Neither biographer of Madison, or Pinckney, or Hamilton, has ever claimed for one of these the honor of the invention.

Now, when you can turn to this written document, which had been put forth nearly four years before, and which was in the

hands of those gentlemen, and when you put these three plans together, and print them over again, and after the third time they are not half as voluminous as the original complete scheme—would it be difficult for you to award the merit and the right to the great inventor, who always claimed it as his own, from the moment when the document was first published?

For several years this document has been circulating throughout this country, among jurists and statesmen who are expert in these matters; and it has had endorsements from many quarters; and no one has ever appeared to meet me in controversy, or adduce anything that rose to the dignity of an argument, in any attempt to deny the credit which this document gives to this great man.

Now the only difficult thing to explain is this. You may ask me, Why in the world was it that for one hundred years we had to wait before the historical scholarship of this country presented this document, so that it might have its full value? It is a strange thing, but nothing incapable of explanation. Just think how modern and recent the history of federal government is! When the men of 1787 built this system, they knew practically nothing of the history of federal government, except the history of the Dutch Republic. The history of Greek federalism had never been developed at all. Never until the year 1863, when Edward A. Freeman published his *History of Federal Government*, did the world know anything of its history as a system. A book which we have looked upon with the greatest confidence was the book published by that dear old man, Mr. Bancroft, "*The History of our Federal Constitution*." And in this he has made some such glaring mistakes about the history of the Convention itself, that we wonder how it can be considered that anything like a correct history has been written at all. For instance, if you look in that book, there are in three places definitions of what he calls "*The Great Connecticut Plan*," drawn by Sherman, at a given time, as I have explained long ago in one of my works. No such thing ever happened,—no such plan was drawn by Sherman; and an old document found among his papers, that was never used

anywhere, has, by the grossest carelessness on Bancroft's part, been attributed to the transactions of the Convention.

Therefore, I want to impress upon you young men, who are ambitious to study the history of the Constitution, that the time for writing the history of that great transaction is not yet arrived. We are just assembling the documents: we are just getting to the point of knowing that the authorship of the Federal Constitution sprang out of the brain of one individual.

I hope I may be able, in my humble way, to add something to the appreciation of this great patriot, because he was such a patriot. He gave of his purse liberally to the cause; and was so honored of it, that the British locked him up for a year in a jail in Philadelphia. He was as great a patriot as a statesman; and yet of all the great men of that epoch, every mortal man connected with the Revolution has had all honor done him; but the architect of the Federal Constitution of the United States—one man who stands next to Washington, one man who stands out as the greatest political genius in the history of mankind—lay in a neglected grave in Philadelphia, and his very resting-place was unknown until three years ago when I raised this controversy. Now he has been removed from the tomb from which his name had almost been erased by the action of Time.

I hope the time is coming, with the development of our great patriotic societies in America, when the Daughters of the American Revolution—because I believe more in the patriotic enthusiasm of the women of this country than I do of all the men put together,—I say I hope, with the aid of the Daughters of the American Revolution, that the time is at hand when not only will the jurists and scholars of the world understand what a tremendous debt of gratitude is due to this patriotic son of the United States, who has been so long neglected and forgotten; but that on the east side of the Capitol, side by side with the statue of John Marshall, shall stand the statue of Peletiah Webster. For had it not been for the great architect, who designed this system of federal government, there would have been nothing for John Marshall to construe.

Now as a Southerner, devoted to his section, proud of it, this struggle that I am making, I am not ashamed to say, for this old New-England Yankee, cost me a mental struggle of no small account. Down to the time that I found this great document, and comprehended it, I had always thought that the author—almost the exclusive pride of the authorship of the Federal Constitution—belonged to my people. But as a student, a lifelong student of the Constitution, when it was plain to my mind that the pride of authorship belonged to a son of New England, I said to myself: "Historic truth can not be sectional; and no man can claim to be an American citizen, with a patriotic heart in him, who would try to withhold any meed of praise which is due to any citizen in any part of the Union, although the result may diminish the prestige of his own section of the people. The South must be content with the feeling that in the person of John Marshall she has given to the nation the great interpreter and expounder of its Constitution!"

His Least Ones.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

THE little flow'rs whose perfumes rare
Are wasted on the summer air
By night and day—
What care they tho' their beauty fills
Deserted vales and unknown hills,
With colors gay?

What deem the songsters upward borne
On airy wing at break of morn
Towards our true home,
If we below speak not in praise
Of those melodious songs they raise,
'Neath Heaven's dome?

What cares the sweet-toned nightingale
That fills the eve-deserted gale
With songs of glee;
Tho' none should seek to gather near
When sounds his liquid notes, to hear
The melody?

The flow'rs that bloom, the birds that sing,
The babbling brooks, and ev'rything,
All sing of love,—
And care not if we laud or blame.
Their's but to praise the name
Of God above.

Trilogy of Baccalaureate Orations.

I.—The Child in the Factory.

IGNATIUS E. MCNAMEE, A. B.



LAVERY is a basic institution," said Aristotle, "and there is no possible means whereby it can ever be dispensed with, except perhaps by the aid of machines.

If every tool could do the work that befits it, if the weaver's shuttles were able to weave of themselves, then there would no longer be any need of apprentices for the master-workers or slaves for the lords." More than twenty centuries after Aristotle voiced this opinion, there was invented a machine almost literally fulfilling his conditions. To-day the weaver's shuttles do weave of themselves. "The great machine has become an accomplished fact. It has been forged on the anvil of human necessity through countless centuries. But the revolution it wrought, or rather the revolution of which it was the expression and the symbol, was not a revolution of liberation." It lifted no burden from the drooping shoulders of Labor, but instead it imposed a weight of unnecessary suffering upon those least able to bear it—upon the little children of the poor.

We admit that children have always toiled, for it is the truth. An old Hebrew adage says: "The man, who teaches not his son a craft, does twice more harm than if he taught his son to be a thief," and that sentiment has permeated all civilization from the Hebrew race to modern times. The Parthian and the Mede went into battle proudly bearing shields that had been hammered and riveted of brass by the skill of their sturdy sons. "The glass-blower of Venice or Murano taught his son his father's craft. There was a bond of interest between them: a parental pride on the part of the father vastly more potent for good than any commercial relation could have fostered; and on the part of the child a filial love and devotion which found its expression in a spirit of emulation, the spirit of which all the rich glory of that wonderfully rich craft was born. So, too, it was with the potters of ancient Greece and

with the tapestry weavers of Fourteenth Century France. In the golden age of the craftsman child labor was not a burden; child labor was child training in the noblest sense."

But the coming of the machine wrought a change. "There is no more terrible page in history," says John Spargo, "than that which records the enslavement of mere babes by the industrious revolution of Eighteenth Century England, when child labor became a necessity because of the textile machines. Not even the crucifixion of twenty thousand slaves along the highways by Scipio excels it in horror." But it is not of British child labor I would speak. The brand of shame may not be burned into the brow of England by us, a nation whose sacrifice of infants' lives on the altar of cupidity challenges the wrath of God.

Here in America the cry of the children comes piteously from the crowded East and from the building South; thank God, it is not yet heard through the billowing hills and spreading plains that lie beyond the Mississippi. But unless a speedy check is placed upon its spread, even the fast developing West may feel its blighting scourge. Forty thousand children, ranging in age from five to sixteen years, are employed in the textile industry of New England alone; fourteen thousand in the glass factories of Massachusetts and New Hampshire; in the canneries of New York ten thousand. The rigors of the Northern climate and the congested districts where they work, make life more miserable for the little toilers of this region than is life for their unfortunate kind in any other part of the land. To the horror of an endless day or well-nigh interminable night before the threshing, clanking loom, these little ones must suffer the added hardships of the winter's cold. Some of them trudge one, two and even four miles through the rain, the wind and snow, thinly clad, before they reach the little hovels they call home. Arrived there at last, they fall—many of them, we are told,—face downward on their straw beds, in that position to spend the night, too tired, too weak to undress or even to move.

In the South conditions are no better, though the evil is less widespread. The cotton mills of Alabama, Georgia and South

Carolina employ sixty thousand children between the ages of six and sixteen, the whole South two hundred thousand. Cigar manufactories, dye works and silk mills, all add their quota to this holocaust of innocent infancy, and the seductive silver of Capital keeps luring on the unsuspecting, illiterate poor of West Virginia and Tennessee to the bleak factory towns of the Carolinas and Georgia. There they do not only enslave the father and the mother, but they compel toddling babes of four and five to help out their mothers in the mills, without pay, until they are seven years old.

The anthracite coal region of Pennsylvania employs twelve thousand boys under the age of fourteen years. Some of them work in the mines proper, and some in the coal breakers above. These little toilers go down in the lift at six in the morning, with one longing look at the gilding hues of the rising sun, and they come up in the same lift at night only to see that sun settling into the west. All the glorious day with its song, its frolic and its laughter, is shut out of their grotesque little lives, and while their more fortunate brothers and sisters of the other regions romp the fields, they drive donkey-cars, laden with coal, through underground caverns. Not long ago I chanced to read in a newspaper dispatch a pathetic incident of one of the many tragedies with which these mines are so frequently visited. The blackened, bleeding bodies were being brought up in the cage, and as it reached the surface, each was claimed and carried away amid the moans of disconsolate women and children. In that tense, expectant crowd there stood a mother. It was the sixth time she had come to the mouth of that pit on the same mission. First they had brought up her husband, and then, one by one, through a short span of time, each of her four little sons. Now she had come to wait for the last, her bread-winning boy of eight years. Slowly the lift came to view. But she made no cry. Staring empty-eyed for a moment, she stooped to gather her dead babe into her arms, and, rising in all the majestic dignity of motherhood, walked away. On she went through that silent throng, looking stony-eyed into vacancy, on, up the dusty road, past the unkept

huts and bleak dooryards, to her own cabin. Tenderly she laid her burden on the bed, and, commencing her silent, lonely watch over the last of her five little sons, she gazed vacant-eyed and despairingly into an empty life—this tearless Niobe of the poor. *There is an effect of child labor.*

Those of the children who are not employed in the mines themselves, work above ground in the sorting sheds as "breaker boys." It is the breaker boy's task to sit for ten hours each day picking slate from the coal as it passes down a narrow chute beneath him. A cloud of dust so thick as to shut out the light, entirely envelops him, and he often has to rely wholly upon the sense of touch to do his work. Only a few weeks ago I met one of these breaker slaves. He showed me his hands, which had been cut, crippled and hardened by contact with rough stones and bits of sharp-edged coal. His finger nails had been ground down to the roots, and were so distorted and stunted that they no longer serve the purpose for which they were intended. Such, in unvarnished language, is the lot of the breaker boy.

And so it is with the little victims of the other industries. From North to South and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, the cotton mills, coke ovens, dye works, coal mines and glass furnaces, all add their tribute to this vast army of infant slaves—one million strong and ever on the increase—which shambles, haggard and worn, through a meaningless life to a premature death. They have never inhaled the wondrous fragrance of a rose nor reveled in the stainless purity of a lily. The mystic wonders of the world waste their glories on unseeing eyes and waken no response in little blood-drained hearts. Even the printed word is unintelligible to most of them, and they stumble onward, maimed, crippled and blinded to the beauties of life; the whirl of the clacking loom, the rattle of the coal breaker or the roar of the glass furnace is the only song they hear, and it haunts them like a persistent wraith from the cradle to the grave.

Our government has for years been making large appropriations for the encouragement of fancy stock breeding; and the last Congress appropriated four million dollars to foster that industry. Yet the same

Congress failed to pass a single act of anti-child-labor legislation: "Let the system alone," says Congress, "we haven't time to bother with it now, we are busy with a serious problem, we are developing fancy cattle." Oh the shame of it! that our statesmen should spend their time and the nation's money on something so secondary when these little ones, your brothers and mine, are begging the assistance that is their birthright. Oh the shame of it! that our lawmakers should use their efforts and the country's wealth to get a better breed of beasts instead of a better breed of men. We are spending four millions of dollars this year for a superior grade of prize bullocks, and we allow these children, upon whom will some day devolve the sacred duties of fatherhood and motherhood, to be ruined in body and debauched in morals; we permit many of them to become physically incapacitated, because of their infant toil, to reproduce their kind; and we allow most of them to grow so degenerate that they and their offspring are a care and a burden rather than a help to the nation. "It is impossible to injure a child without doing harm to society. Whatever burden society lays or permits to be laid on the shoulders of its children, it must ultimately bear upon its own."

This land, we are told, is the land of the free, and we believe it is so. Yet there exists among us in certain localities a system of practical peonage, which, even though it is not so widespread in its influence, is fully as intense in its banefulness as was that system of slavery over which your fathers and mine shed their blood in the sixties. Fathers of families in mill towns, particularly in the South, are required to contract their children at the age of four or five to the factories in which they themselves are employed, under penalty of losing their own jobs, if they refuse. These little ones work ten or twelve hours the day, six days in the week, helping their mothers at the bobbins. No motherly instinct, no fatherly kindness, may hold the child back from the mill, for the company's agents are constantly about the town, rounding up—yes, literally, herding the children into the factories, where their mothers and fathers, their sisters and brothers, are ahead of them, slaving their

lives away. The poor people have no alternative. If they refuse to sacrifice their little ones, they are thrown out of employment, and gaunt starvation is a powerful prompter. All this is tolerated in the land of the free, in that country which fought for four terrible years and sacrificed five hundred thousand of her best lives in order that she might break from the neck of the black man the iron collar of servitude.

Nor is all this awful exploitation of children necessary. The lives of little ones are not exacted for the welfare of the nation. The tender five-year old girl, whom Miss Jane Adams found at night bent over a loom in a Southern mill, worked not because the American people must have more cotton goods. That child was making sheeting for the Chinese army. Her employers had despoiled this baby life of its health and happiness, as they are wasting without pity the little gray lives of a million of her brothers and sisters. Why? Solely because it swells the figures on their balance sheet, because it brings returns in dollars and cents. "In the wild, insistent clamor for profit lies the root of the child-labor evil. The system has absolutely no social justification, and exists purely for the sordid gain of profit-seekers."

'We need in our modern life something of the spirit that prompted David of old to pour out upon the ground the precious, cooling draught, which his brave followers had brought him from Bethlehem's gate, at the risk of their lives. The water had been procured at too great a cost, and David could not drink it. We need that spirit to be applied to our social relations. Those things which are cheap only by reason of the sacrifice of children's happiness, their prospects and even their lives, are too costly for human use.'

The barbarities of child labor are better fitting another time and another people. They have lasted long enough. It is time for every man to rise in righteous anger and clamor for the abolishment of so iniquitous a system. For humanity's sake, for the betterment of society, and for the safeguarding of defenseless children, to whom in a spirit of elemental decency we owe protection and education, let us stop this "coining of childhood into dollars." In the name of God let us blot out this greatest wrong of the century, the perversion and destruction of the child toiler. Let there be a reconstruction of our relations with him; and let this be the ideal for the reconstruction—the building of healthy bodies and lofty characters to insure a commonwealth of men and women, free from physical and moral weakness, fit for the rights and duties of citizenship, and aspiring to the noble brotherhood of Christ.

II.—The Child in the Court.

JOHN B. KANALEY, A. B.



IN the history of the early Grecian artists there is told the story of a sculptor, who was asked to carve the statue of a child. From the rough marble he chiselled the figure of a man, with muscular limbs and well-developed body, all in miniature, and on this manikin he placed a small head. There was no semblance of the gentle grace and wondrous beauty of the child-form. In choosing an adult for his model, the sculptor had reproduced only a distorted image of a child.

In similar fashion, ancient and modern civilization have treated moral delinquents among children. For centuries, with astonishing inconsistency, civilized peoples mocked at the sculptor's failure to represent faithfully the physical child, whilst through those same hundreds of years they remained unmoved by the ruin wrought by using false models for the moral child. For seven thousand years the moral child has been regarded as a moral man in miniature. In the mind of the state he has been endowed with much the same understanding of moral problems; he has been invested with nearly the same power of reasoning; he has been assigned almost the same responsibility for his acts. The makers of laws have been blind to the characteristics of the child mind, and have given us a moral child, as perverted in conception and distorted in proportion as was the child of the early sculptor. They have chiselled a statue of offending youth, and have taken the adult criminal as a model. In the law, the child was not "father to the man," but was the man himself. In his physical development, in his educational training, the child might be instructed as a child, but in his misdeeds he must be condemned as a man.

Whilst it is true that a change was gradually effected in the punishment of the child, the penalty for offenses being gradually lessened, it is equally true that the change has not been radical; it has been one of degree, and not of kind, for

until recent years we have continued to look upon punishment, not formation of character, as the end sought by the law. The laws enacted for the man have been made the laws for the child, and the criminal courts of the civilized world have continued in their work of child-destruction, though every sentiment of the human heart cried out in protest. The agonizing lament of those uncivilized women of Australia nearly a century ago was pitiful and significant. When they saw their children being punished for the pettiest of offenses, they cried out: "It's unjust to strike the child; he knows not what he does." What a condemnation to our vaunted progress, that while those barbaric women were voicing the emotions of a wounded heart, the criminal laws of civilized nations were at the same time sending little lads of ten and twelve to the scaffold, there to pay the penalty for murder.

In dealing with youthful wrong-doers, civilization has clung to precedents honored only by age. It has taken us all these years to depart from the ancient theory of child responsibility. The process of crystallization has been slow and fitful, at times taking form as seen in the German and French codes, but more often retarded by the magnitude of the task and the indifference of legislators. In the early civilizations, the child was given no recognition; he had neither rights nor correlative duties; the rule of the father was absolute, and into his hands were intrusted the fate and fortunes of the family. He could sell his children into slavery, and history records instances beyond number where the father slew his son and paid no atonement to society, for none was exacted. Among the ancient nations, Sparta, alone, looked upon the child as responsible to the state, but its paternalism extended only to his physical development. The one aim of this state was to cultivate a nation of warriors, and to that end it claimed a right to the child from his very birth. The physically deformed infant was deemed a burden to the state, and was forthwith hurled from the precipice to death on the rocks below, there to be the prey to vultures. Modern civilization is appalled at such cruelty in the Spartans, but what has it to say of the inhumanity

to the morally deformed children in its own day? It has looked upon the criminal child as useless to the state, and has cast him upon the rocks of crime, to be preyed upon by vultures more deadly in their destruction. The birds of the air that circled the Grecian slopes devoured only the bodies of their victims, but the vampires of crime have batten on tender, immortal souls purchased by a God. And Christ has said: "Fear not those that kill the body, . . . but rather fear him that can destroy both soul and body in hell."

Up to within a few years ago, children of ten and twelve years were thrown behind prison bars, there to learn their first lessons in crime from the derelicts of the underworld with whom they were herded, and to whose stories of vice and adventure they listened in childish wonderment. When brought before the court, it was as hardened criminals, not as erring children. The same law that judged the adult offender applied to them also, and their punishment was determined, not by their moral responsibility, but solely by the nature of their act. Is it any wonder that over half the inmates of our prisons, jails and reformatories have been under twenty-five years of age, when the state, by its short-sighted methods, has encouraged rather than restrained the child from a life of crime? Is it to be wondered at that within the year before the Juvenile Court was instituted in Chicago seventeen thousand children under the age of sixteen were arrested, and the records in other cities were no less astonishing? The moral toll exacted from our moral delinquents has been appalling, but at last we have come to a realization of our duty in the establishment of the Juvenile Court. The law has become a formative, not a destructive force.

It is only to-day, after centuries of indifference, that we have come to regard the child in the light of better understanding. Christianity brought a fuller measure of recognition to the child; it gave him the right to life and liberty; gained for him a status of his own; but it has required nearly two thousand years for the cold, hard law of the statute book to recognize the instincts and capabilities of the child mind. At last there has come a revulsion against the false

model of the law; we have reached the child's viewpoint of wrong. To-day it is decreed that child-redemption, not child-destruction shall be the aim in the treatment of juvenile delinquents, and the movement thus inaugurated marks one of the greatest reforms in the history of American progress. "The harm," says Judge Lindsey, "that the state has wrought upon the youth of this land by its bungling methods will some day form one of the blackest pages in the history of our criminal jurisprudence. But we are on the eve of a great awakening, when the dark plot will be obliterated in the refulgence and radiance of new methods, founded in the love and teachings of our divine Master and the tenderness of a mother for an erring child. This great movement for the betterment of our children is simply typical of the noblest spirit of the age, the Christ-spirit of unselfish love, of hope, and of joy. The old process is changed. Instead of coming to destroy we come to rescue; instead of coming to punish, we come to uplift; instead of coming to hate, we come to love."

It is in the Juvenile Court that this ennobling spirit has crystallized. This court treats the child, not as a man in miniature, but as a man in embryo; it realizes that the child of to-day is to be the citizen of to-morrow, and it strives to provide better progeny for a better nation. It views the child through the child's eyes, and metes out its judgments in a spirit of true reform and not of retribution.

The basic principle of the court is to bring about "prevention of crime by development of character, not reformation by vengeance." It realizes that "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," and it aims to redeem the moral character of the child by measures of love and encouragement, instead of blighting it by turning the delinquent little one into a criminal dangerous to the state and society. No longer will the child of tender years be corrupted by association with the past-masters of crime, but will be taken apart and made to understand that society seeks his recall to a better life, not his condemnation to a life of shame as a criminal. No longer will we witness the revolting spectacle of child-destruction that aroused the legislators of Pennsylvania, and resulted in

the establishment of the Juvenile Court in that state.

A little girl of eight years was arrested for setting fire to a house, was brought before the criminal court and sentenced to the House of Refuge. Her picture was published in the newspapers, and flaring headlines introduced her to the world as a "prodigy of crime." There at the opening of her life, when her present training and surroundings meant a career of usefulness or a career of crime, when her future life, both temporal and eternal, hung in the balance, she was branded before the world as a criminal, was sentenced to the House of Refuge to have her childish fancy inflamed by stories of vice and depravity; was sacrificed as one more victim in the slaughter of the innocents. When asked why she had started the fire she frankly answered, "to see the fire burn and the engines run," and yet before the bar of justice her act was looked upon as prompted by the same malice, by the same spirit of vengeance, as though it had been committed by a hardened criminal. The same court that declared that child incapable of handling her own money, of disposing of her own property, of entering into legal contracts, the same court that appointed a guardian for her material welfare, declared her responsible for her moral actions in the same measure as the adult criminal, and meted out punishment in the same spirit of retributive justice. It did not take into consideration that the child had been an orphan since she was two years old; that she had had her moral nature stunted and warped by evil companionship; that she had been given no chance to let the uplifting influence of love play upon her heart. No, the court was blind to the moral responsibility of the child, but declared that the law must have its atonement, even if that atonement be the moral destruction of a human soul. And such monstrosities were carried on in every city in the land in the name of justice!

But the day has now come when such criminal negligence of the child will no longer disgrace our civilization. The Juvenile Court, by its system of probation, by the aid of farm homes and other institutions, leads the little offenders back to the path of virtue and right living by applying the law of love and forbearance; by realizing with Terence that

"it is better to keep children to their duty by a sense of honor and kindness than by fear;" by administering justice tempered by love. The child is taught that punishment is always meted out to wrong-doers, but that punishment is only a means by which reformation and correction may be brought about. The court realizes that as child delinquency is usually the result of bad home environment and evil companionship, redemption can be brought about only by placing children in wholesome surroundings where they will feel the tender influence of love, and where they will behold ideals which will inspire and encourage them in the struggle for clean manhood and womanhood. This influence, as exerted by the court, is both negative and positive in its nature: negative, in so far as it results in a separation of adult and juvenile offenders, thus removing the child from moral contagion and shielding him from the siren call of crime; positive, in the high character and unselfish interest of the judges, probation officers and teachers who guide the erring youth on the path to a better life.

It is thus that the Juvenile Court is carrying on its work in the campaign for better citizenship, its influence ever broadening and its results ever multiplying. The leaders in that campaign are building a foundation upon which will largely rest the security of our future. The names of those noble men and women and the history of their work will be written, not alone in the annals of American Jurisprudence, but will be inscribed on the broader and more enduring page of Humanity. Their work is a work of love, a labor of Christian benevolence; it is the manifestation of the spirit of Him who said that it was not His will that one of these little ones shall perish.

WHENEVER we listen to the voice of the Past, and hear again the old refreshing assurance that the Present is a failure, we ought, I think, to reflect that every Past was once a Present, and that each succeeding present has resounded with the same wail of lamentation for the glories of departed days; and then we shall perceive that the golden time exists just as much now as it ever did—and just as little.—*William Winter.*

III.—The Child in the School.

RICHARD J. COLLENTINE, A. B.

"**I**F thou wanderest through the earth," says Plutarch, the heathen philosopher, "thou mayest well find cities without walls, without kings, without palaces, without money, without science; but none has ever yet found, or ever will find, a people without the knowledge of a God, without prayer, without vows, without religious ceremonies and sacrifices whereby to obtain good things or to avert evils. Nay, I firmly believe that it would be easier for a city to be built without a foundation than for a community to be organized or to continue to exist after the belief in a divine power had been abandoned." In these words the heathen philosopher has enunciated a basic principle of civilization; he has touched upon a truth fundamental to the existence of well-organized society; he has emphasized a fact that concerns the vital interests of the world for all time and the most sacred interests of the individual when time shall be no more.

To say that religion is the most powerful force in the world, is to draw an obvious conclusion out of the events of the world's history. The best monuments of the finest civilization of all time have found their inspiration in religion. Homer could not chronicle the deeds of men without first singing the story of the gods, and his first words of deathless song are words of prayer. The Hindu could not record in epic music the deeds of the heroes of his race without consecrating his song to the altar and endowing it with supernatural power. Dante sang with the masters and was heard above them; religion was his theme, and it filled his soul with exquisite melodies. Literature pays tribute to religion as the most powerful force in the world, and not literature only, but all the arts, sculpture and painting and music and architecture; the achievements of genius in these elements of civilization are monumental evidences of the power of religion.

But civilization presupposes the existence of the state. It does not flourish alone; it

does not attain its glorious triumphs in the wilderness or in the desert or in the dull atmosphere of nomadic camp life. It is like the blossom on the plant that has grown strong through constant nourishment. The winds of heaven may caress the plant, the rains may cleanse it of soilure, the sun may brighten its colors, but up through the stem silently and incessantly flows the vital thing that gives it form and beauty. The seed and the nourishment must be there; otherwise, nature would labor in vain to produce anything that would fill the air with fragrance or charm the eye with loveliness. Civilization is the blossom, the state is the plant itself.

To plead then for a better civilization is to plead for an uplifting of the state; it means that we must look to the seeds of citizenship and the nourishment of citizenship out of which the state is itself constituted, and that means first, last, and all time, the education of the child.

The fundamental element in the education of the child is unquestionably that which tends to the highest and best results. Such a proposition needs no proof; it is a self-evident truth. Since the child is a creature of God, bound in obedience to the eternal laws of God, it is his first duty to be educated in the knowledge of those laws, and that means religious education. Since, moreover, the child is a member of society, bound in obedience to the laws of the state, it is likewise his duty to be educated in the knowledge of the laws of the state, and that means religious education. Here we have a proposition that calls for discussion. Men there are who deny the fact that religious education is necessary for the proper training of the citizen. They will hardly go so far as to say that true morality is unnecessary for good citizenship. They will admit that the useful member of society must be grounded in the principles of morality, but they offer a variety of substitutes as a basis for such morality. Naturalism is one of these substitutes, a certain form of conduct that has been called "a more or less shadowy sense of respectability;" but its record is written in avarice, lust and suicide. Another substitute is utilitarianism which means that men shall live for the "good of the race;" but the facts

are against such a theory. In addition to these two substitutes they offer a third, saying that "virtue is its own reward," forgetful that the reverse is more often true in practice, and that the pleasures of vice lure many a soul to ruin. There is no substitute for religion as a basis of morality.

The education of the child is not only defective but positively vicious unless it offers religion as a basis of training in morality. Physical and mental training are necessary for the development of good citizenship; moral training is necessary, absolutely necessary. President Hyde of Bowdoin College gave forcible expression to this truth when he said: "The public school must do more than it has been doing if it is to be a real educator of youth and an effective supporter of the state. It puts the pen of knowledge in the child's hand, but fails to open the treasures of wisdom to his heart and mind. These people who know how to read, write, and cipher, and know little else, are the people who furnish fuel for fanaticism, who substitute theosophy for religion, passion for morality, and impulse for reason." "Moral training has for the most part been cast out of our public schools," says the Rev. Dr. E. T. Wolf. "Every faculty, except the highest and noblest, is exercised and invigorated; but the crowning faculty, the one designed to animate and govern all others, is contemptuously ignored; and unless its education can be secured, our young men and women will be graduated from our schools as moral imbeciles." These are hard words and have special significance because of the source from which they come. But they are none too strong and none too true. The spectacle of the child in circumstances where good influences are few and where the germs of evil are better able to grow unhindered affords cause for anxiety in the mind of one with the welfare of society at heart. Knowing how to read, write and cipher, is not at all incompatible with knowing how to embezzle funds or to prove false in positions of trust. "A boy may be kept in school for several years," says Frederick Woodrow, "but if his heart is not educated with his head, his conscience with his memory, a knowledge of arithmetic and skill in penmanship are no guarantee that he will not

use his acquired knowledge in fitting himself for a prison cell."

Well may we feel anxiety on contemplating the child in such circumstances as these. The welfare of the state demands that the child have a high regard for morality. The child must be trained to become a helpful element in the great organization we call society. He must be taught to realize that he was not intended by his Creator to lead a selfish existence, that he must live for others as well as himself. The precepts that will hold out such a rule of conduct to the child are not to be found in the public school at the present day. The great essential thing is lacking. Something is needed which will beget loyalty to virtue. Something is needed which will inspire children with a compelling sense of honesty. Something is needed which will make them noble and good. The factor capable of accomplishing this would render an incalculable aid to humanity in lessening the number of reformatories, in ridding society of its ills, in purifying our civic life, thus adding strength and perpetuity to our institutions. Such a factor is religion.

"It is possible," says Archbishop Spalding, "to make saints of sinners, heroes of cowards, truth-lovers of liars, to give magnanimity to the envious and nobility to the mean and miserable; but it is possible only when we touch man's deepest nature and awaken in him the consciousness of God's presence in his soul; for it is only when he feels that he lives in the Eternal Father that man is made capable of boundless devotion, that his will lays hold on permanent principles and is determined by them to freedom and right." These words of the great prelate show how religion, and that alone, can make man virtuous, devout and a lover of principle.

The greatest deterrent from evil is religion. The most potent factor in molding mankind into an organized body where not only the rights of each one will be protected, but the happiness of each one will be assured as well, is religion. Religion protects and cherishes the principles which have supported empires, the ruin of which came only when that support was taken away. Religion teaches man the story of his mysterious coming into the realms of society and accompanies him

on his way to the eternal hereafter. Religion points to the finest things his mind has conceived and reminds him of the inspiration which made them possible. For the avaricious, religion has a word of warning, for the despondent a word of hope, for the nations a wreath of glory, for the individual, a life of eternal joy.

For the sake of the state, then, let this great force work on the plastic heart of the child. Let it engrave thereon its saving precepts. Let it hold before his young and impressionable gaze the life of Him from whom its own being sprang and from whom it derives its power to inspire and control. The state needs honest men to replace the parasites who have made it the victim of greed, for it is by these that the perpetuity of the state is endangered. The state needs clean men, men of pure lives and high purposes who rejoice in the name of father and the music of children's voices, for in these shall the state endure. The state needs knightly men, whose deeds of self-sacrifice shall widen the kingdom of brotherly love upon earth and bring men nearer to the joys of heaven, for it is only through sacrificial lives that the glories of the state are achieved. These are the men that the state needs; these are the men which religion alone will give to the state, for in these the characteristic note is that of morality. The principles of religion are the basis of all true morality, without which men have no reason to be knightly, pure and honest. The principles of religion are the source of the stability of all true citizenship without which the state is doomed to utter destruction. The principles of religion, therefore, are absolutely essential in any system of education that aims at developing the highest type of citizenship; and because the Catholic Church has made these elements an essential part of her system of education, she prides herself in the thought that she is serving the state best in every effort she makes to serve her God.

THE strong man is not he who gets into a fit and takes ten men to hold him down, but he who can longest carry the heaviest weight.—*Carlyle*.

Valedictory.

JOHN McDILL FOX, A. B.

ADIES AND GENTLEMEN, GENTLEMEN
OF THE UNIVERSITY:

The career at Notre Dame of the Class of 1909 closes to-day. Our preparation here for life is now ended, and we go from these halls to take up our places in the work of the world. From the noble Christian men who have guided us with instruction and counsel we have caught the true meaning of life, and we feel that our preparation has been rightly made. There is a more or less common opinion that the young graduate leaves college full of self-assurance and conceit, with the idea that he is to set the world aright. The penny-a-line humorists and the cheap wits on the papers, tickle the brainless into laughter over the young man with his diploma ordering the universe. It is, therefore, little wonder, that an uncritical public which takes its doctrines from such inanities, should fall into the easy belief that a college graduate is an inflated being to be pitied and tolerated. The Class of 1909 needs not tell this audience that such is not the case. College men need no apologists. If there be one lesson learned better than all others, when the four years of training have ended, it is, that efficiency in any work depends upon the faith a man has in his own powers, tempered by a just knowledge of his own limitations. College men know very well that they are not going to startle the world or revolutionize anything at the outset. They begin their career in life realizing that they are handicapped by inexperience. But they go out equipped with mental training and inspired by the finest ideals. Mistakes they may make, failure they may encounter; but they are positive of this one thing—that if they never deviate from those virtues of self-respect, knightliness and patriotism that have been instilled into their minds and made into the very essence of their being while they lived in academic halls, the fruit of life will be theirs, and happiness and honor.

It is good that college men start out as they do, with earnestness and high sentiments. The greatest danger of the times

is a widespread lowering of ideals. The world at large appears to believe in the doctrine of expediency; that while crookedness and immorality may not be likable in themselves, still they are necessary for the achievement of success and an easier and more pleasurable career. In the general dulling of conscience, vices have been glossed over and given new names. It is rapidly becoming the fashion to believe that if social position be not forfeited, and if a man be not found out, he may do about what he pleases and still be entitled to the respect of his fellows. This noxious principle has exerted its influence broadcast. The teachings of those dominated by secularism are creeping over the land, and, like the fatal poison of a poppy's breath, are insidiously infecting the whole country. We have read only lately in the magazines that this lowering of ideals has even touched some of the great seats of learning, and in the very places where high standards should be kept and the right views of conduct clearly set forth, the embryo doctor, lawyer, engineer and even clergyman is becoming saturated with such principles which, "if universally applied, would overturn society, religion and the civil law." It is not uncommon, we are told, to hear from university professors such startling statements as "the Revolution was fought to uphold a delusion," "the Declaration of Independence is but a piece of spectacular rhetoric," "the home as an institution is doomed." Having worked themselves into a mental hysteria, false educators shrill out in their ravings: "Democracy is a failure," "Immorality mere unconventionality," and, worst blasphemy of all, they ridicule the fact of humanity's salvation through the sufferings and crucifixion of Christ; they cry out in their arrogance: "The least creature of all mortals has more dignity and value than even an Almighty God, as that Being is popularly conceived."

Thank God the venom of such disgraceful doctrines has not infected Catholic education and never will. Catholic teaching is, as of old, insisting upon the sanctity of the home, teaching that that love alone which is holy and pure is tolerable, that patriotism is one of the most sacred precepts of our religion, that respect for our neighbor and

his rights is second only to the respect we owe to God. Our education, therefore, has insisted upon the absolute and undeviating allegiance to eternal truths and principles. Subject to these teachings and observing their practical working out in the life around us, we have waxed strong in the light of truth. We thank God with all our hearts that a watchful providence directed us to Notre Dame, for here we have been taught that devotion to God, homage to country, and a delicate regard for the rights of others are interwoven virtues; here we have been repeatedly told that the ideals of truth, purity, fair-dealing, integrity and personal honor are absolutely essential for the making of a life. We believe in them because we would rather believe that a Divine Providence guides that world than that men are "Avatars of the Almighty;" we have the strongest confidence in them because they have been taught us by men who have kept in constant touch with the world, and who by their consistent teachings here, as well as by their lives, are a living proof of the practicability and value of such ideals.

Serene and powerful, crowned with her garland of lives given to a holy cause, Notre Dame stands unmoved and immovable by any force of the debaucheries of false education. Like the pillar of light to the Israelites, she lights up the way for her children and makes them see the right and comprehend it. And so she moves on calm, glorious, radiant, blazing the pathways of knowledge with the unquenchable torch of truth.

Standing, therefore, in all her power and beauty, with the love-light in her eyes, she, like the Spartan mother to her sons, commands all whom she sends forth to go out and take their place in the battle for right. And so we are sent forth to-day.

Gentlemen of the Faculty:—From you who have known us best and have guided us on the road to knowledge, it is hard to part. We wish you to feel sincerely that we pay deep tribute to you and consider your friendship as one of the most valued honors it will ever be our lot to attain. It is a rare privilege to have known such men as you and to have formed such associations—lasting influences for good. It is then in

the deepest sincerity and earnestness that we can say of each one of you, that we have been made the better men through knowing you.

Fellow Classmates:—Though we are, it is true, leaving the University with sad hearts, perhaps never to meet again, still we leave it strong in the determination to remain steadfast to the principles of our Catholic education—the most glorious heritage that the age can bestow. To give expression in words of what every man feels in his heart is difficult—it is almost like entering the sanctuary of one's soul and plucking back the veil to curious eyes. Yet every man of us feels the solemnity, the sorrow of this parting. But we take leave of each other to-day confident that in our fight, there are in other places, other Knights of the Gold and Blue, fighting the same fight, moved by the same inspirations, actuated by the same ideals. And among these men there will be an irresistible bond of sympathy and understanding that will, no matter how far apart, bind together the lonely soldiers and make of them a strong vanguard of truer manhood and truer Americanism.

Then as soldiers sad under the melancholy of the circumstance, yet gallant and true, let us clasp hands on the dawn of our first engagement, and with earnest, sorrowful, yet grateful hearts, take our leave.

Reverend President, Gentlemen of the Faculty, Classmates—Farewell!

Thoughts of Peace.

I LOVE to stand beside the lake
At twilight's evening glow,
And watch the shadows of the brake
Go deepening far below.

For then it seems all cares depart,
And with the shadows die,
And leave me calm and free of heart
To dream of days gone by.

I love to hear the fainter notes
Of songsters in the trees,
That softly blend in timid throats
And die upon the breeze.

Such sounds as these give peace and rest
And pleasure to my ears,
And teach me how to make the best
Of youth's fast fading years.

FREDERICK M. CARROLL, '12.

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The Presentation of the Lætare Medal.

In the picturesque Benedictine Abbey at Belmont, North Carolina, in an atmosphere reminiscent of the art, literature and religion of the Middle Ages, took place on the Octave of Pentecost the ceremony of the presentation of the Lætare Medal to Mrs. Frances Christine Fisher Tiernan, known as "Christian Reid." As one of the guests on the occasion writes: "It is the loveliest spot you can imagine, this Abbey which has risen like a dream in the last quarter of a century, but which seems as if it might have stood since the Ages of Faith, so full is it of that wonderful religious atmosphere which knows nothing of crude beginnings, with the Benedictine spirit of tireless achievement manifested in every detail."

The presentation itself was an impressive scene. Throughout the long and fruitful years of her life, Mrs. Tiernan has labored unceasingly and successfully for the cause of Catholic literature, and yet, in spite of her achievements, she has ever shunned the honors of the world. She has sought her consolation and her comfort in the peaceful

quiet of her own little chapel; and in the unostentatious performance of works of mercy. The recognition of her signal merit and services to mankind, in the award of this year's Lætare Medal, came to her as a great surprise. In her humility she disclaimed her own worth, and ascribed all the honor to the cause which she has espoused.

The presentation of the medal took place in the splendid Salón of the Abbey, and was attended by the faculty and students of the college attached to the Abbey and by many friends and admirers of the distinguished recipient. Mrs. Tiernan herself writes of it:

"Everything was beautifully done, and the Benedictine Abbey gave a setting, a background, that was full of exquisite poetical and religious charm. The Fathers spared no pains to show their appreciation of the honor Notre Dame has done us, and their only regret was that they could not do more."

The President of the University was unable to attend the exercises in person, but Notre Dame was most worthily represented by Rev. Dr. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., and Rev. Dr. James A. Burns, C. S. C., of Holy Cross College, Washington, who journeyed to Belmont for the occasion. The Right Rev. Abbot Charles Mohr came from his distant home at St. Leo's, Florida, to be present and do honor to the esteemed recipient of the Lætare Medal. The Right Rev. Leo A. Haid, O. S. B., D. D., Vicar Apostolic and Abbot, was the presiding officer, and his simple dignity, blended with the charm of his nature and his mellow culture, would have graced the brilliant occasion in history. With a few words explanatory of the Lætare Medal, Bishop Haid introduced Reverend Father Burns, who read the formal address from the University.

"Madam: More than a quarter of a century ago our predecessors established the Lætare Medal to honor annually a member of the Catholic laity who had rendered distinguished services to the Church, to the country, to arts, to science or to letters. The Lætare Medal has since been conferred upon John Gilmary Shea, historian; Patrick J. Keeley, architect; Eliza Allen Starr, author and critic; John Newton, soldier and scientist; Patrick V. Hickey, editor; Anna Hanson Dorsey, author; Wm. J. Onahan, publicist; Daniel Dougherty,

orator; Henry F. Brownson, soldier and author; Patrick Donahue, publisher and philanthropist; Augustine Daly, dramatic artist; William J. Rosecrans, soldier; Mrs. James T. Sadlier, author; Richard C. Kerens, philanthropist; Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, author and scientist; Timothy E. Howard, jurist; John Creighton, philanthropist; William Bourke Cockran, orator; John B. Murphy, surgeon; Charles J. Bonaparte, jurist; Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, philanthropist; Francis J. Quinlan, surgeon; Katherine E. Conway, author and editor; James C. Monaghan, educator.

"This year you, madam, have been acclaimed as one worthy of a place in this



CHRISTIAN REID, LAETARE MEDALLIST, 1909.

(By permission of *The Republic*.)

distinguished company. Your services to Catholic literature have made your name a familiar and loved one in thousands of Catholic households. You have interpreted the highest ideals of life in your novels, and you have illustrated those ideals in your private life. Your genius has been generously and energetically devoted to the triumph of religion and the spread of the kingdom of God in the hearts of men. You have not so devoted it without some sacrifice of worldly profit; but your compensation doubtless has been found in the favor of heaven and the admiration of those whose lives have been elevated by your writings. It is to express our appreciation of your

efforts in behalf of wholesome reading, and especially your influence upon the youth of our country that the University of Notre Dame confers upon you the Lætare Medal for the year of Our Lord, nineteen hundred and nine, and prays that you may be spared many years to shed light and strength on the paths of your people."

Mrs. Tiernan, attended by two little maidens, then advanced to receive the Medal from the Rt. Rev. Bishop, who, in a speech of presentation, spoke feelingly of his gratitude to Notre Dame for the honor conferred upon this illustrious daughter of the South.

Mrs. Tiernan's address of thanks and acceptance was of classic beauty. We have great pleasure in reproducing some paragraphs from it:

"In expressing my heartfelt thanks for the honor which the University of Notre Dame has conferred upon me in the award of her Lætare Medal, I must also express my deep appreciation of all that this medal stands for in the intention of those who bestow it, and all that it conveys to its recipient. What message of high ideals, of approval for what has been achieved in the past, and inspiration for the tasks of the future! For all of these things I am very grateful: for the flattering words of greeting with which the presentation has been made, and also for those other more than kind words which the Right Reverend Bishop has been good enough to utter concerning me. They are words of praise far beyond my deserts; but knowing the sincerity of the kindness from which they spring, I value and appreciate them more than I am able to say.

"It was surely a beautiful idea which, twenty-five years ago, led the faculty of Notre Dame to borrow, as it were, an inspiration from that Golden Rose which for so many centuries has yearly bloomed at the command of the Sovereign Pontiff, and which he has bestowed, with his fatherly blessing, upon some queen or princess of the Old World. Linked by suggestion at least with that exquisite Roman flower, which is blessed on the Sunday which breaks in with a note of joy on the penitential sadness of Lent, the medal of Notre Dame—the Golden Rose of the New World—echoes also the note of joy. 'Lætare!' sings the Church in the Introit of the Mass for that day, and

'Lætare!' Notre Dame cries to the Catholics of America. 'I have found a new candidate whom I consider worthy of receiving my medal in token of some service rendered, however indirectly, to the cause of religion through one of the many channels opened for man's activity.'

"How diverse these channels are we have just heard in the list of those who have already received this honor. Notre Dame recognizes that there is an artistry of life as well as of deed, and on her roll of medalists are representatives of many diverse callings, united only in the single fact that they have all wrought faithfully at the particular work appointed them by the Providence of God. That literature, 'the apostolate of the pen,' does not lack recognition among these activities is only to say that, as a school and seat of learning, she could not forget that she is pledged to hold letters high; and in the manner of her doing this there is something which reminds us of the noble traditions which are behind her, and of the land from which she sprang. It was from France, the Eldest Daughter of the Church, the acknowledged mistress of the arts, the leader of the intellectual life of Europe, that the founders of the Congregation of Holy Cross came to the New World, bringing with them the memory of that old and famous University of Paris, which remains, even after the havoc of revolution, the greatest university in the world, far exceeding any other in the number of its students and the standard of its culture. Nor can we doubt that those sons of France brought with them the memory of that other famous institution, the French Academy, which, founded by a cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, is the model of every similar academy in Europe, and to enter the jealously guarded doors of which is the highest and most coveted honor that a French man of letters can hope to attain.

"One recalls all of these things in considering this unique medal of Notre Dame—the poetry of the Golden Rose, the traditions of splendid Latin learning, the fine Gallic culture and mastery of art—so that it would be impossible for anyone to be insensible to the honor of receiving it. And if it might seem that a mere 'teller of tales' would have little claim to this distinction, the

University has clearly indicated why she desires to place her high stamp of approval on that order of work, considering it not so much on the side of its artistic value, as with regard to those standards which define what is and what is not permitted in literary art, when it attempts to paint human existence, to draw that strange and subtle thing which we call human character, and to interpret, in some degree at least, God's mysterious dealings with His creatures by means of human events."

"'It is,' says a brilliant essayist of the day, 'one of the strangest and silliest notions ever developed by man that fiction is a light matter, a thing less ambitious than the chronicles of knowledge. Fiction attempts in the full sense of the terrible words, to give a picture of life.' This is absolutely true. The creative writer does indeed attempt a 'terrible' work, one so great that in order to excel in it there is required such a blending of rare powers, and such an equipment of fine training that it is not strange that creative writers of the highest order are very few in all literature. It is unnecessary for me to say that Notre Dame had no thought of distinguishing such a writer as one of these when she awarded her medal on last Lætare Sunday. But I think we might comprehend her reason for the award, even if we had not her own words to interpret it. For as in everything human there is both a soul and a body, so we find the soul of art in its relation to the great law of ethics, and those who awarded this medal are well aware that there is no greater fallacy, no more destructive principle working in our time than the belief that art stands apart from ethics. Of nothing in our complex existence, where we

—can not stir a flower

Without troubling a star,

can that be truly said, and least of all of art.

"For the largeness of art depends upon its power of drawing into itself and giving expression to all the vital emotions of humanity," and the ethical emotion is not only one of these, but it is the most vital. When it is ignored or decried, the literature which is the result has, under whatever beauty of idea or form it may possess, the unmistakable note of decadence. There is in it no uplifting power, no lesson to be learned that will help us in the struggle of life, but on

the contrary an insidious, often an open teaching of bitterness, of futile revolt against the conditions which surround our existence. The writers who produce this literature are frequently described as realists; but their realism is as false as their philosophy, since that is no true realism which paints only the darkest side of human life, which ignores the sunlight, and which is blind to the value of the lessons that may be learned from failure and suffering. Of one thing we may be distinctly sure, the art which declines to acknowledge a divine purpose as the key to the riddle of man's existence signs its own sentence of extinction. For looking back over the wide field of literature, of the best which man has thought and said in all languages, we find that nothing survives the destroying touch of time save that which is in harmony with the eternal verities.

"These things being so, these principles on which I have so lightly touched being of paramount importance, we can not wonder that Notre Dame leaves us no room to question why she has bestowed her medal of honor in the present instance. She wishes to emphasize the warning that in the work of the writer moral purpose is even more important than artistic perfection. It is indeed well that the writer should strive with all his power for artistic perfection, but she bids us remember that it is more essential to hold ever before our eyes these lofty standards which teach that the passing shadow of our life is only worthy of study when we consider it in the light of man's immortal destiny.

"I can not close without saying that there seems to me a very exquisite appropriateness in the fact that the presentation of this medal has taken place within a Benedictine abbey; for if there is one spot above another on earth where letters and art, and all the fair company of the humanities should find themselves at home it is in a Benedictine abbey. Who is so ignorant, Reverend Fathers, as not to know what a vast debt civilization owes to your great order? Within the walls of your monasteries classic learning was preserved when the flood of barbarism arose which whelmed the ancient world, and out of those walls came forth letters together with art—handmaids of religion then,—now divorced, but bearing still the traces of their high origin. If, as Cardinal Newman said, 'there is not

a man who talks against the Church in Europe to-day who does not owe it to the Church that he is able to talk at all,' we may add that there is not a writer or an artist of the modern world whose culture has not come down to him from that which you preserved and taught. And now, with your fourteen hundred years of glorious history, you have come to bring your great traditions to a new land, to take up your ancient tasks, and to fulfil again the beautiful meaning of your name. It is, then, I repeat, eminently appropriate that on this lovely Octave of Pentecost, when the Church celebrates the coming of the Spirit of Wisdom upon the earth, the University of Notre Dame, in her vigorous youth, should present her Lætare Medal to its latest recipient in this new yet old home of Benedictine learning and Benedictine hospitality."

The sincere pride of Mrs. Tiernan's many admirers found expression in the burst of applause which followed the address. And this is characteristic of the feeling with which the Southern people in general have received the awarding of the Medal.

We print without permission a letter from Father Burns concerning the occasion:

HOLY CROSS COLLEGE, BROOKLAND, D. C.

June 2, 1909.

MY DEAR FATHER CAVANAUGH:

When I arrived at Salisbury on Monday morning early, Mrs. Tiernan, together with quite a party of her friends and relatives, joined us, and we went on to Belmont together. It took about two hours to get to Belmont, as the train was slow-going, and so I was enabled to have a good long chat with Mrs. Tiernan, whom I found to be truly, as you said, a gentlewoman of the old school. She is a queenly woman; she has Father Hudson's brilliancy and charm in conversation, and it was a great pleasure to have been able to see so much of her as I did during the journey and during our stay at the Benedictine Abbey. We got to the Abbey about noon, had dinner, and enjoyed ourselves till the time set for the presentation at 3 P. M. There was quite an assemblage, including of course all the students and the Benedictines of the Abbey—in fact, I think every Benedictine in North Carolina was there, and Abbot Charles came all the way from Florida for the event.

It was a joy to see the warmth of affection all down there have for Mrs. Tiernan. She is, in fact, the Church, that is, the lay portion of it, in the region down there, just as the Benedictines constitute the clergy. Do you know that for years and years she has been teaching the children of Salisbury their catechism on Sundays? She has worked so hard and done so much for the Church that I could see that, when she was awarded the Medal in the spring, there was a general feeling of exultation in the thought that her great services to religion had received recognition in a manner that carried with it the sentiment of the whole Church in the United States. The Convent near by sent all its Sisters and pupils—so that, as I said, there was a large gathering. The big hall of the Abbey was well filled. The Benedictine orchestra discoursed music throughout the program. The Benedictines were most kind, the Abbot-Bishop leaving nothing undone to make the affair as splendid as possible.

With best wishes, and kind regards to all, I am,

Very sincerely yours in J. M. J.,

J. A. BURNS, C. S. C.

Collegiate Commencement.

The Sixty-fifth Annual Commencement of the University, on June the 17th and 18th, closed one of the most successful school years in our history. During the past year the student registry passed the thousand mark, which, with the addition of two new courses to our curriculum, a new boarding hall, the numerous victories of the Gold and Blue in intercollegiate contest, intellectual and physical, and the persevering harmony which existed between the student body and the Faculty warranted the President's statement, that 1908-9 was a most successful scholastic year. As to the outgoing class, the President voiced the opinion of the Faculty and student body in saying that it had set a standard of scholarship and of general conduct which future classes will find it difficult to surpass. The commencement exercises proper began Wednesday evening at 8 P. M. in Washington Hall. Among those present were the Rt. Rev. Bishop Alerding, of Fort Wayne; a number of the alumni, relatives of the graduates, and a host of friends of the institution.

The Bachelors' addresses, delivered that evening by Messrs. Ignatius E. McNamee, John B. Kanaley, and Richard J. Collentine, graduates in the Classics, were well worthy of the occasion and a great credit to the Class of '09. The popular subject chosen for treatment by the young orators, *The Child in the Factory*, in the Court and in the School, was timely and interesting and lent itself admirably to such a trilogy of speeches. Mr. McNamee spoke on "*The Child in the Factory*," depicting very vividly the barbarities of child-labor, though he was not at his best in the matter of delivery. Mr. Kanaley dwelt on "*The Child in the Court*," showing the disastrous unreasonableness of treating the juvenile offender as an adult criminal and the ennobling influence the Juvenile Court bears upon the young delinquent, and pointing out that child-redemption not child-destruction is the spirit which is at last beginning to obtain in the judicial treatment of the child. Mr. Kanaley was clear, forceful and impressive. Mr. Richard J. Collentine dealt with "*The Child in the School*." In a logical manner he

showed what a lasting influence religious training bears upon the development of the child's character. The classic flavor of his treatment, his persuasive manner, and oratorical skill won him a munificence of applause.

After the Bachelor's addresses the oration of the day was delivered by the Hon. Hannis Taylor, formerly United States Minister to Spain, and well known in this country as a leading authority on the subject of International Law. Mr. Taylor chose as subject "*The Origin and Authorship of the Federal Constitution*," to which document he has given a lifetime of study. His thesis that Peletiah Webster was the author of the Constitution and the inventor of our system of federal government was very forcibly demonstrated. In a scholarly manner he treated of the origin, growth and structure of this wonderful instrument and to him is due the honor and credit for arousing controversy as to its real author. Mr. Taylor's vigorous treatment of the subject made the address most interesting to everyone despite the length of the program that preceded it.

The very difficult rôle of Class-Poet was entrusted to Mr. Harry Ledwidge, of which task he acquitted himself with high credit. Knightly loyalty and warm affection toward *Alma Mater* were the tenor of his theme which had a true martial ring, and glowed with the ardor of the chivalry of olden days.

The Valedictory spoken by Mr. John McDill Fox was the best heard here in several years. The sincerity and genuine feeling of the sentiments expressed made a visible impression upon all. The young graduate laid special emphasis upon the manner of education in most of the secular institutions. He deplored the tendency toward utilitarianism which is only too manifest in much of our present-day education and which is working much harm among the students of to-day. A marked feature of Mr. Fox's farewell speech was his vindication of the young graduate so frequently misrepresented as "the young man with his diploma ordering the universe." The speaker recognized the hand of Providence in conducting him and his classmates to such an institution as Notre Dame where the highest ideals are fostered and cherished.

His farewell remarks to the Faculty and student body were well received.

The concerts given by the University Band on Sunday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings added materially to the success of the Commencement Exercises; and the enthusiastic applause which rewarded the efforts of Professor Petersen's men spoke more eloquently than words for the worth of the '09 Band. The program on Wednesday evening was interspersed with selections by the University Orchestra. Here again Professor Petersen's men showed their worth by rendering the difficult selections in a manner approaching the professional. "Home, Sweet Home," was sung on Thursday morning by a quartette composed of Messrs. J. Eckert, F. Wenninger, S. Hosinski, and W. Minnick.

DEGREES CONFERRED.

The degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on the Very Rev. Dr. Thomas C. O'Reilly, Cleveland, O., and the Hon. Hannis Taylor, Washington, D. C.

The degree of Master in Civil Engineering was conferred on José Angel Caparo, Peru, South America.

Thesis: The Elastic Parabolic Arch versus the Elastic Circular Arch as regards simplicity and economy in the design of a steel arch—when the web is solid, when the web is open.

The degree of Master in Electrical Engineering was conferred on Gustavo Lorenzo Trevino, Monterey, Mexico.

Thesis: Improvements in the automatic telephone since 1905, and design of pay-station and illuminated dial.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts: Richard Joseph Collentine, Monroe, Wis.; John McDill Fox, Milwaukee, Wis.; John Bernard Kanaley, Weedsport, N. Y.; John Joseph Kennedy, Scottdale, Pa.; Henry Aloysius Ledwidge, Pittsburg, Pa.; Thomas Oswald Maguire, Chicago, Ill.; Ignatius Edward McNamee, Portland, Oregon; John Burke McMahan, Toledo, Ohio.

The degree of Bachelor of Letters: Edward Patrick Cleary, Momence, Ill.; Albert Francis Gushurst, Lead, South Dakota; James Emmet Scullin, Stoughton, Wis.

The degree of Bachelor of Philosophy:

Leo James Hogan, Steubenville, Pa.; Otto Aloysius Schmid, Sheffield, Kansas City, Mo.

The degree of Bachelor of Science in Chemistry: Albert Thomas Mertes, Traverse City, Mich.

The degree of Bachelor of Science in Architecture: Harry William Carr, Peoria, Illinois.

The degree of Civil Engineer: Edwin Douglas Bonham, Painted Post, New York; Edward Paul Escher, Braddock, Pa.; William Arthur Gowrie, San Pedro de Marcoris, Santo Domingo; Leo Dominic Hamerski, Winona, Minn.; Francisco Garza Nieto, Monterey, Mex.

The degree of Mechanical Engineer: on Leo Joseph Hannon, Olean, N. Y.; Arturo Tomes Simon, Gautanamo, Cuba.

The degree of Electrical Engineer: José Angel Caparo, South America; Rufus William Waldorf, Mendota, Ill.

The degree of Bachelor of Laws: Edmund James Arvey, Green Bay, Wisconsin; Edward Peter Carville, Skelton, Nev.; John Vern Diener, Baraboo, Wis.; Daniel Cornelius Dillon, Pittsburg, Pa.; Robert Adam Kasper, Chicago, Ill.; Rex Edward Lamb, Buchanan, Mich.; John McKee, Chicago, Ill.; Sophus F. Neble, Omaha, Neb.; Walter Lee Quinn, Clark, S. D.; Forest Hamilton Ritter, Topeka, Ind.; John William Schindler, Mishawaka, Ind.; Francis Comerford Walker, Butte, Mont.; Fay Franklin Wood, Syracuse, N. Y.

The degree of Pharmaceutical Chemist; Hiram G. McCarthy, Mackinac Island, Mich.; Manuel Rodriguez, San Pedro, Consolacion del Sur, Cuba.

The degree of Graduate in Pharmacy: Carl Stanford Ayres, South Bend, Ind.; John Henry Ahern, Salem, S. D.; Timothy Vincent Harrington, Kan.; James Ignatius Maloney, Needham, Mass.; Raymond Joseph Scanlon, Syracuse, N. Y.

Certificates for the short program in Electrical Engineering: Adolfo Manual Duarte, Columbia, South America; Charles Leon de Lunden, Brussels, Belgium; Howard Edwards, South Bend, Ind.; José Trinidad Lopez, Queretaro, Mexico.

Certificates for the short program in Mechanical Engineering: Edmund Victor Bucher, Logansport, Ind.; Henry Valentien Garvey, Streater, Ill.; Edward Oscar Veazey,

Charlestown, W. Va.; Henry John Schrader, Jonesboro, Ind.; Leo John Welch, Williamsfield, Ill.

LIST OF AWARDS.

The Quan Gold Medal, presented by the late William J. Quan of Chicago for the student having the best record in the classical program, senior year, and a money prize of \$25, gift of Henry Quan, in memory of his deceased father, was awarded to Ignatius Edward McNamee, Portland, Ore.

The Meehan Gold Medal for the best English essay, presented by Mrs. Eleanor Meehan, Covington, Ky., was awarded to Otto Aloysius Schmid, Sheffield, Kansas City, Mo.

The Breen Gold Medal for Oratory, presented by the Hon. William P. Breen of the class of '77, was awarded to Ignatius Edward McNamee, Portland, Ore.

The Ellsworth C. Hughes Gold Medal, presented by A. S. Hughes of Denver, Col., for the best record for four years in the Civil Engineering program, was awarded to Leo Dominic Hamerski, Winona, Minn.

Seventy-five dollars in gold for debating work was awarded as follows: \$35 to Edward Joseph Collentine, Monroe, Wis.; \$20 to John Bernard Kanaley, Weedsport, N. Y.; \$20 to John Burke McMahon, Toledo, Ohio.

Sixty-five dollars in gold for debating work in the Law School, presented by Francis H. Boland, student '87, was awarded as follows: \$25 to Francis Comerford Walker, Butte, Mont.; \$20 to Edward Paul Donovan, Woodstock, Ill.; \$10 to Edward Peter Carville, Skelton, Nev.; \$10 to James Edward Deary, Indianapolis, Ind.

Ten dollars in gold for Junior Oratory, presented by James W. O'Donnell, of the class of '89, was awarded to George Joseph Finnigan, Malone, N. Y.

Ten dollars in gold for Sophomore Oratory, presented by John S. Hummer, Chicago, of the class of '97, was awarded to Francis Joseph Wimberg, South Bend, Ind.

Ten dollars for Freshman Oratory, presented by Hugh O'Neill, of the class of '91, was awarded to William Charles Gray, Bellows Falls, Vermont.

The Barry Elocution Gold Medal presented by the Hon. P. T. Barry, of Chicago, was awarded to John McDill Fox, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Alumni Meeting.

The second annual reunion of the Notre Dame Alumni Association was held at the University on Wednesday, the 16th, opening at eight o'clock in the morning with Solemn Mass for the repose of the deceased members. The remainder of the morning was spent by the members present in visiting the old familiar scenes about the University and in pleasant exchange of reminiscences. At noon the Alumni banquet was held in the Brownson refectory which had been properly decorated for the occasion. After the dinner the members assembled in the Brownson study hall for the annual business meeting the Hon. William P. Breen, A. B. '77, LL. D. of Fort Wayne, President of the Association presiding. The number in attendance was not so large as that of last year, but the enthusiasm of those present compensated in so far as it could for the falling off in attendance. The first business was the election of officers for the year, the results of which are given below. The Treasurer's report was then read and accepted. The arrival in the midst of the proceedings of Father Timothy O'Sullivan, '88, of Chicago, was the occasion of a hearty ovation. After the discussion of numerous measures the meeting adjourned.

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THE ALUMNI GAME.

At three o'clock the scheduled game between the Alumni and the Varsity was played on Cartier Field, resulting in a victory of 5 to 3 for the Varsity. The features of the game were the three-base hit of Harry Curtis, '08, of the New York National, and the fielding of Bonham for the Alumni and of Daniels for the Varsity. In the line-up of Alumni were H. Curtis, '08, catcher; G. A. Farabaugh, '04, first base; L. M. McNerny, '06, second base; M. J. Shea, '04, third base; J. F. Shea, '06, short-stop; B. V. Kanaley, '04, left field; E. D. Bonham, '09, center; R. W. Waldorf, '08, right field; W. E. Perce, '06, pitcher. Perce pitched magnificent ball, holding the Varsity men down to a few scattered hits and with a little better support at times would doubtless have won his game.

Minutes of the Meeting of the Alumni Association.

At half past one o'clock, June 16, 1909, the members of the Alumni Association of the University of Notre Dame met at the University for the election of officers for the ensuing year and for the transaction of the ordinary business of the organization. The treasurer's report was read and accepted. It showed that dues had been received from 196 members and that the cash balance on hand was \$856.75.

The attention of the Association was called to the illness of Mr. George Clarke, '81, and the Secretary was instructed to extend to him a message of sympathy, regretting Mr. Clarke's inability to be present at the meeting and hoping for his early recovery. Attention was also called to the fact that five of the members of the Association had died since last June, and a committee of three, J. F. Shea, B. V. Kanaley, and J. J. Sullivan, was named to draft suitable resolutions for publication in the SCHOLASTIC. The deceased members named in these resolutions are M. R. Powers, '98, W. M. Wimberg, C. S. C., '04, W. J. Mahoney, '05, J. G. Shannon, '96, and M. T. Healy, '82.

A change in the constitution was adopted to the effect that Article VI. is to read, "The members of the Association shall pay an annual fee of five dollars to be disposed of by the Association on the recommendation of the board of trustees, members of the Congregation of the Holy Cross to be exempt from this fee." This change is to be retroactive after being approved at the next annual meeting.

A report was received stating that General St. Clair Mulholland desired that the Alumni be invited to contribute to the Memorial that is to be erected on the field of Gettysburg in memory of Father Corby. Acting on this report, the Association invited Father Cavanaugh to send out an appeal at the expense of the Association.

A letter expressing his regret at being unable to attend the meeting was sent to the Association by Hugh O'Donnell, '04, and was read for the members. A souvenir menu card of the Notre Dame Club of New York was presented to the Association with the

greetings of the club. A communication was also received from C. S. Mitchell, '94, in regard to an endowment plan. The secretary of the Association was notified to inform Mr. Mitchell that the matter would be taken under advisement.

The election of officers resulted as follows:

Honorary President—Very Rev. Dr. A. Morrissey, C. S. C., Notre Dame, Ind.

President—Hon. Warren A. Cartier, '87, Ludington, Mich.

Treasurer—Hon. William P. Breen, '77, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Secretary—Rev. William Moloney, C. S. C., '90, Notre Dame, Ind.

Trustees '08-10—Samuel T. Murdock, '86, Lafayette, Ind.

Byron V. Kanaley, '04, Chicago, Ill.

Hon. Charles P. Neill, '93, Washington, D. C.

Trustees '09-11—Hon. John M. Gearin, '71, Portland, Oregon.

Gustavo L. Trevino, '08, Notre Dame, Ind.

Hon. William L. Dechant, '79, Middletown, Ohio.

Trustees Ex-officio—Reverend Dr. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., '90, President University of Notre Dame.

Hon. Warren Cartier, '87, Ludington, Mich.

Vice-Presidents—John J. Kennedy, '09, Scottdale, Pa.

Rev. Timothy D. O'Sullivan, '88, Chicago.

Hon. Timothy E. Howard, '62, South Bend.

John G. Ewing, '77, San Juan, Porto Rico.

Daniel P. Murphy, '95, Chicago, Ill.

Daniel V. Casey, '95, Chicago, Ill.

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RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY.

Whereas, it has pleased our all-merciful Father in His infinite wisdom to withdraw from earth since the last annual meeting of the Alumni Association of the University of Notre Dame our associates and brothers, Michael Thomas Healy, '82; John George Shannon, '96; Michael Riley Powers, '98; William Muller Wimberg, '04; William Joseph Mahony, '05, all loyal sons of *Alma Mater*.

Be it resolved: That we hereby express our sorrow that lives of such fair promise should have been so early ended, and sympathize deeply with the bereaved relatives and friends in their great loss.

And be it resolved: That copies of these resolutions be sent to the sorrowing families of the departed, and that this expression of sympathy be entered on the minutes of the Association and published in the SCHOLASTIC.

For the Alumni Association:

Joseph John Sullivan, '01.

Byron Vincent Kanaley, '04.

John Francis Shea, '06.

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The members of the Alumni Association present at the meeting and at the Commencement exercises were:

- Rev. Thomas C. O'Reilly, LL. D., 1909, Cleveland, Ohio.
 Hon. Hannis Taylor, LL. D., 1909, Washington, D. C.
 Rev. Daniel E. Hudson, C. S. C., Notre Dame, Ind.
 Rev. John B. Scheier, C. S. C., Notre Dame, Ind.
 Rev. William A. Moloney, C. S. C., Notre Dame, Ind.
 Class '62—Timothy E. Howard, South Bend, Ind.
 Class '65—Rev. John R. Dinnen, Lafayette, Ind.
 Class '67—Rev. John G. Bleckmann, Michigan City, Ind.
 Class '77—William P. Breen, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Class '78—Rev. Alexander M. Kirsch, Notre Dame, Ind.
 Rev. Dr. A. Morrissey, C. S. C., N. D., Ind.
 Class '80—John Bernard Berteling, South Bend, Ind.
 Class '87—Warren A. Cartier, Ludington, Mich.
 Class '88—Rev. Timothy D. O'Sullivan, Chicago, Ill.
 Class '90—Edward R. Adelsperger, South Bend, Ind.
 Rev. Dr. J. W. Cavanaugh, C. S. C., N. D., Ind.
 Class '91—Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C. S. C., Notre Dame, Ind.
 Class '92—Dezera E. Cartier, Ludington, Mich.
 Class '93—Edward J. Maurus, Notre Dame, Ind.
 Rev. M. A. Quinlan, C. S. C., Notre Dame, Ind.
 Class '95—Daniel V. Casey, Chicago, Ill.
 Francis W. Davis, Lansing, Mich.
 Daniel P. Murphy, Chicago, Ill.
 Rev. Francis O'Brien, Kalamazoo, Mich.
 Class '96—Rev. J. A. Maguire, C. S. C., Notre Dame, Ind.
 Class '98—Rev. Dr. M. H. Oswald, C. S. C., Notre Dame.
 Class '99—Eugene A. Delaney, Windber, Pa.
 Rev. Dr. J. Nieuwland, C. S. C., Notre Dame.
 Rev. Dr. M. Schumacher, C. S. C., Notre Dame.
 Class '01—William P. Glasheen, Chicago, Ill.
 Lawrence S. Highstone, St. Ignace, Mich.
 Joseph J. Sullivan, Chicago, Ill.
 Rev. M. Szalewski, C. S. C., Chicago, Ill.
 Class '02—Vitus G. Jones, South Bend, Ind.
 Oscar Lippmann, South Bend, Ind.
 Francis B. O'Brien, South Bend, Ind.
 Class '03—Rev. Dr. J. L. Carrico, C. S. C., Notre Dame.
 Rev. D. K. O'Malley, C. S. C., Notre Dame.
 Rev. Dr. M. J. Walsh, C. S. C., Notre Dame.
 Class '04—Francis Xavier Ackermann, N. D., Ind.
 Daniel C. Dillon, Notre Dame, Ind.
 Byron V. Kanaley, Chicago, Ill.
 Frederick J. Kasper, Evanston, Ill.
 Joseph J. Meyers, Carrol, Iowa.
 Robert E. Proctor, Elkhart, Ind.
 Michael J. Shea, Notre Dame, Ind.
 Class '05—John B. Worden, South Bend, Ind.
 Class '06—Evaristo R. Battle, Chicago, Ill.
 Arthur S. Funk, Urbana, Ill.
 Lawrence M. McNerny, Elgin, Ill.
 William E. Perce, Hanover, Ill.
 John F. Shea, Notre Dame, Ind.
 Class '07—Oscar A. Fox, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Robert A. Kasper, Evanston, Ill.
 Joseph T. Lantry, Notre Dame, Ind.
 Class '08—Dominic L. Callicrate, Granger, Ind.
 Edward M. Kennedy, Scottsdale, Pa.
 Gustavo L. Trevino, Monterey, Mexico.
 Rufus W. Waldorf, Mendota, Ill.
 Jacob P. Young, Huntington, Ind.

- Class '09—Edmund J. Arvey, Green Bay, Wis.
 Edwin D. Bonham, Painted Post, N. Y.
 Perey J. A. Caparo, Notre Dame, Ind.
 Henry W. Carr, Peoria, Ill.
 Edward P. Cleary, Momence, Ill.
 Richard J. Collentine, Notre Dame, Ind.
 John V. Diener, Boraboo, Wis.
 John M. Fox, Milwaukee, Wis.
 William R. Gowrie, Santo Domingo.
 Albert F. Gushurst, Lead, South Dakota.
 Leo D. Hamerski, Winona, Wis.
 Leo J. Hannon, St. Olean, N. Y.
 James F. Hines, Kewanna, Ind.
 John B. Kanaley, Weedsport, N. Y.
 John J. Kennedy, Scottsdale, Pa.
 Rex E. Lamb, Buchanan, Mich.
 Harry A. Ledwidge, Notre Dame, Ind.
 Thomas O. Maguire, Chicago, Ill.
 Albert T. Mertes, Traverse City, Mich.
 Sophus F. Neble, Omaha, Neb.
 Francis G. Nieto, Monterey, Mexico.
 Forrest H. Ritter, Topeka, Ind.
 John W. Schindler, Mishawaka, Ind.
 Otto A. Schmid, Kansas City, Mo.
 John E. Scullin, Stoughton, Wis.
 Arthuro T. Simon, Guatanamo, Cuba.
 Francis C. Walker, Butte, Montana.
 Fay F. Wood, Syracuse, N. Y.

An Incident of '67.

—The *Denver Post* recently contained a picture which is destined to quicken the pulses of old students who see it. It is that of the Notre Dame band which met Edward Payson Weston in 1867 five miles from Notre Dame and marched ahead of him into the city. Eugene Teats, a Denver mine-broker, intends to confront Weston with the picture on his arrival in that city. The *Post* states: "Teats is one of the many men now in Denver who have vivid recollections of incidents attendant upon receptions tendered Weston along the route of his memorable walk from Portland, Me., to Chicago in the spring of 1867. He was a member of the Notre Dame band which marched five miles down the road from Indiana's historic college town to meet the young pedestrian as he approached the city. Behind the band walked the entire student body of Notre Dame University and with these marched the faculty and many of the city's leading citizens. The leader of the band was Prof. O'Neill, later famous coronet soloist and a schoolmate of Weston back in New England."

The 1909 Dome.

Early in June the Dome of 1909 was issued to the student body. Owing to the fact that those comprising the Board of Editors did not have sufficient time to put forth their best effort and that Mr. McNamee, the editor-in-chief, was busied with other pursuits, this year's book has not come up to the standard expected by the class, but it is nevertheless a very creditable offering and has taken well with the students.

From a literary standpoint, the '09 Dome is probably the peer of any year-book yet issued. The write-ups of the various features of university life are excellent, and several new, interesting departments were added. Organizations, Dramatics, Society, Ecclesiastics, etc., all come in for their share of attention and are in every case well handled. Live features of university life were also closely watched and recorded, this department of the book; though not so well done as the same department of last year's Dome, yet arousing a great deal of interest and comment. A noticeable lapse from the high standard of some former Domes is to be seen in the artistic section. This year's class worked under a handicap in not having the services of the able artist, T. Dart Walker. With only one or two exceptions all the drawings in the present Dome are the productions of local talent, and while in many cases the efforts are most meritorious, the difference is notable.

Another deserving feature of the Dome of this year is the absence of offensive articles of a personal nature. In a school like Notre Dame, where contact is personal, and close association daily, whatever makes for the ruption of fellowship and friendliness should be discountenanced. The present year-book, while not entirely free from this fault, evinces improvement over that of last year.

The Senior Class and Dome Board are to be congratulated on publishing an annual that meets with such general approbation as this year's. It is a difficult task for those without experience, and their work ought to be appreciated in the spirit in which it has been done.

D. A. M.

The Holy Cross-Brownson Debate.

The final Preparatory debate for Interhall Championship was held in the Law Room Wednesday evening, June 8. Previous to this Brownson had beaten Corby, and Holy Cross had beaten the St. Joseph's team, so that it remained for Brownson and Holy Cross to contend for the championship. The question debated throughout the series was, "Resolved, that the Federal Government own and control the Railway of the United States." Holy Cross had the negative and Brownson the affirmative side. The Judges were: Professors Farabaugh and Dugan, Professor Spiess presiding.

John Dean opened for Brownson, and in a clear manner argued that the evils of the present system of Railway management are intolerable and demand a remedy.

The negative was opened by William Burke of Holy Cross. He showed that Governmental ownership is unnecessary. The speech was to the point, and well delivered.

John Bowan and James Stack continued the argument for Brownson and Holy Cross, respectively, Bowan dealing with rebates and discriminations and Stack showing that under Federal ownership greater evils would exist than under the present system. Bowan possessed good voice qualities, while Stack showed a force and precision that were praiseworthy.

Mr. Meersman closed the main speeches for Brownson by showing that the idea of Governmental Ownership is a practical, working theory. He was the most logical and forcible talker on the Brownson side.

The affirmative was closed by Joseph Kelly whose whole speech was a strong rebuttal of Meersman's argument. He showed that the Government could not finance the proposition of Federal Ownership without charging higher rates and thus defeating one of the purposes of buying them, namely to obtain lower rates. He spoke strongly and answered the questions of the affirmative with ease and precision.

The rebuttals were snappy and to the point, Meersman doing the best work for Brownson and Kelly for Holy Cross. The decision of the Judges was unanimous for Holy Cross. The debate was a good one, and showed an interest in forensic work which, if kept up, will in a short time turn out good varsity men.

G. J. F.

